

## Red vs Blue: Recursion

by ChurchXC

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-05-29 07:38:20

Updated: 2012-05-29 07:38:20

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:57:27

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,938

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: The story of Leonard Church. Things haven't always gone well in his life, but he hopes his traveling to find Allison and tell her something important will set things straight. This may become a compilation of stories in a similar vein if I heard enough from you guys. If so, the summary will change accordingly.

## Red vs Blue: Recursion

Alright guys, this was written from a prompt and I kind of just went crazy with it. It's Tex and Church but... ah, you'll see.

This book may become a bunch of stories in a similar vein from the Red vs Blue crew, so let me know if you like it or want more. I always like to hear what my readers have to say.

\* \* \*

><p>Staring, he played with his dog tags. Running his fingers across the engravings, he stopped when he reached the ring. He rolled it back and forth between his fingers, feeling the slight imperfection it developed from being around his neck for so long. Hopefully she wouldn't mind.<p>

"Soldier! We'll be landing at 0200. Strap up!"

Church jumped at the sound. Looking up, he saw a UNSC soldier staring, waiting for a reply. After tucking his dog tags back inside his fatigues and began strapping himself into the Pelican, the soldier nodded and left.

He wasn't even supposed to be here. He had sent in a transfer request and nothing had ever come from it. So he had a little look into what was taking so long. And after a few keystrokes he was pleasantly surprised to find actually worked, he had authorized himself a transfer. He just had to hope no one noticed for a while.

The only problem was that it was in the back of a Pelican carrying medical supplies. As the Pelican banked, a few boxes tumbled on top of him. It didn't help he was jammed in with them. He barely had enough room to move, much less stretch his legs out. Chucking the boxes of tongue depressors across the ship, he swore. Jesus Christ this was a shitty way to travel.

It only got worse as they slowed to land. Sure, he wasn't jostled around, but the supplies weren't held down very well. One of the heavier crates flew across the Pelican and forced him to duck. It smashed, showering him with cotton balls. He stared at them for a moment. "Who the fuck packs cotton balls in a wooden crate! How fucking stupid is that? You bastards almost got me killed!" He yelled. There was just a chuckle from the cockpit.

Rolling his eyes, Church felt the ship land. Without waiting for a word from the cockpit, he unstrapped himself and lept to his feet. Jumping over the spilled boxes, he ran to the back of the Pelican and punched the manual release. He barely waited for the doors to open before jumping through them.

His feet hit solid ground with a slight crunch. He shivered slightly as his breath came out as steam. What was with the army and ice balls? Medical staff were already rushing towards the Pelican. He ran past them, ignoring them completely. He wasn't here to help.

Grabbing the edge of the tarp, he flung open the door to the medical station. There was not many staff left. Good. "Where is Alpha squad currently stationed?"

One of the doctors looked up from his desk and rolled his eyes. "And who the hell are you? What business do you have with Alpha squad?"

Church balled his hands into fists. "Doctor Leonard Church. I have to brief them on the new equipment they received. Recent test show they can be rather... unstable if handled a certain way," he said quickly.

The doctor rolled his eyes. "You couldn't send it in a memo? You research types... Whatever." Looking back down at his notes, he pointed. "They're on the edge of camp, that way. They should have just returned from patrol."

Nodding, Church turned and ran. They just got back from patrol. They would ship out in the morning. He needed to get back before they went to sleep. He had to. He didn't think he could pull this off again. He ran as fast as he could.

He slowed when he saw the edge of the camp. His chest burned, but he didn't care. Putting his hands on his knees, he scanned the tents. Which one, which one... He swallowed when he saw a few soldiers exit one of the tents. He squinted behind fogged glasses. Once he saw the alpha squad emblem, he started running.

Throwing open the tent again, he stopped. Twelve set of eyes stared back at him. Only two of them covered themselves. The rest glared. "Uh.. ladies... I didn't mean to," he stuttered in between breaths. He looked at the ceiling. "I'm just.. trying to find-" He was cut off

as someone landed a punch in his gut. He bent forward, gasping for more air. Looking up, he just saw a black bra and dog tags. And a tattoo in the shape of a star on her sternum. "Allison?" he groaned.

Pulling Church upright, she stared at him. "Church? What the hell are you doing here?" She gestured to the other girls who turned, muttering. She looked back at Church. "You're supposed to be back behind a desk somewhere. Not on the front lines."

Coughing, he grinned at her. "Well, you know me. How often did I listen to orders?"

"Please tell me you didn't do what I think you did to get here," she said flatly.

"Hey, I didn't know I could. Their security kind of sucks."

"God dammit Church! You know they could throw you out for this."

His grin widened. "Yeah, well, let's see them throw out one of their best R and D scientist over a tiny breach in protocol. Besides, I had to get here before you shipped out."

She rolled her eyes. Placing her hands on her hips, she said, "You went AWOL to come and see me. You were never one for idiotic shit like this. Church, what's going on?"

Church stood up straight and tugged on his dog tags. Fumbling with them for a moment, he licked his lips. "Allison... I need to ask you something."

There was a slight rumble in the distance. Allison just shook her head. "You couldn't ask me this over the phone?"

"Look, this is important!" He ran a hand through his hair. Jesus, she had to know what was coming. She just liked watching him squirm.

There was another rumble. "If it's so important, why don't you get on with it?" She smirked.

Exasperated, he threw his arms out. "Look bitch, I'm trying!"

She grinned. "Don't try to sweet talk me. Just get on with it!"

He shook his head. "Look, Allison.." He undid his dog tags and looked at her hesitantly. He bit his lip. He had come all this way to do it. He couldn't chicken out now. There was another rumble, this time much closer. And then an alarm went off.

Immediately, Allison had pulled her fatigues back up from around her waist. Zipping it, she grabbed Church's hand. "Come on! We need to move!"

Church looked around, confused. The other girls in the tent were also throwing on whatever clothes they could. "Wait, Allison! What the hell is going on!"

"Perimeter breach! The base is under attack! And we just finished our

damn patrol.." She grabbed two pistols from under her bunk and gave one to Church. "You know how to use one of these, right?"

He stared at the pistol for a moment before nodding. "We're still Marines," he said simply.

She grinned at him before running out of the tent. Church followed behind her. He immediately had to shield his face as the ground exploded a few feet away from them. "Son of a bitch!" he choked.

Allison ran on ahead. The sound of gun shots and explosions thundered in his ears. He ran as the ground exploded once again. He stumbled and fell as something flew over head, the ground exploding right in front of him. He swore as he was showered in debris. Pushing himself up, he began to run.

He couldn't see which way she went. So he ran towards where it sounded like the most explosions were. Knowing her, she'd be there. He ignored the burning in his chest. He rounded another corner, and smoke hit him in the face.

Skidding to a stop, he looked at the burning tents. The scent of burning material and flesh was like a slap to the face. Bile rose in his throat. He covered his mouth. People were moaning and calling for help. Screaming. Jesus Christ, There were people who signed up for this shit? Stopping, he yelled, "Medic! We need a medic over here!"

He heard someone yell what sounding like "We're coming!" before he continued running. He couldn't stop. This wasn't a fight Allison could take head on. He had to find her and get them to a Pelican and get out of here.

He ran as fast as he could. He ran, ignoring the smoke even as he coughed. Where was she? Overhead, he heard more of those planes. He dove into a tent as they fired again. Behind him, he felt the heat their plasma. He could taste the burning ozone. Coughing, he looked out and watched them fly off. They didn't turn around. Why weren't they turning around? He swallowed, before pushing himself back up and running once more.

But he couldn't shake it. They were leaving. All of the strange purple planes were leaving. But why?

Rounding another corner, he stopped again. Twelve dead marines lay scattered behind sandbags. Some had burn wounds. Others had deep puncture wounds. They weren't killed by the planes. So what were they killed by?

A strange bark made him turn to see a large alien raise it's fist before igniting something. Church didn't wait to see what before raising the pistol and firing into it's exposed mandibles. Purple blood splattered on him. The thing screamed before making a choking sound and falling.

He stared at the thing and then at his gun. He hadn't killed anything before. He never fired at a living thing before. He...

His thoughts were cut off as there was more screaming. He spun around

and looked out past the sandbags. There were three more of those things. He winced as the screaming stopped. One of the things just threw the limp soldier off of its glowing sword like it was trash. It then raised its head and roared.

Church dropped to the ground. Crawling towards the sandbags, his hands touched something cold and metallic. Pulling it towards him, he stared at the sniper rifle. Swallowing, he checked to see if it had a clip in it. Nodding to himself, he slowly placed the barrels on the sandbags. "Well, we are all supposed to be riflemen... This is fucking insane..." he muttered.

He looked through the scope and saw the things turning towards another soldier. A soldier with red hair. He swallowed. "No... No no no! Not her!" he screamed, lining up the shot and firing. One of the things dropped. One of them turned and yelled as Church readied the next shot. Squeezing the trigger, it dropped. He swung the rifle at the last one, but stopped.

It was already on the ground. Allison wiped her combat knife on her fatigues. "Who knew you could shoot!" she shouted. Church stood and grinned. Keeping a grip on the sniper rifle, he hopped over the sandbags and ran towards her.

He stared at the knife. "How did you...? You know what, I don't want to know," he said, shaking his head.

She just grinned before shaking her head. "Come on... we have to get out of here. There might be more." There was another roar from behind her. She spun, throwing her knife at one of them. It dug into its open mandibles, dropping it. Church pulled out his side arm and emptied the clip into a second. It fell a few feet in front of Allison.

"As I was saying..." She turned, only for her eyes to widen. Church didn't have a chance to ask before he felt himself get thrown to the ground. He turned and watched Allison leap onto the thing as it turned to face him. Pulling out a second knife, she began to stab it repetitively. It struggled to reach her, flailing as she stabbed it. Gripping it tightly, she kept stabbing until it fell to its knees, then fell forward onto the ground.

Church tried to pick himself up but couldn't. Touching his side, he felt blood. He swore again. Looking back up, he saw another one of those things. For fuck's sake, how many were there? It was running straight at her as she picked herself off the ground. Struggling, he gripped the sniper and fired. The shot zoomed past its head.

"No!" he screamed. He struggled to load the next shot. His hands were shaking too badly. He looked down and pulled back the bolt with both hands. He raised the rifle again and fired just as it reached her.

The shot slammed into its body just as it swung its sword. He stared as the sword continued its arc. Allison jumped back. Church pulled the trigger again, hoping that he could somehow push the thing back. The rifle just clicked. Allison screamed as the blade connected with her. Even from here, he could see the blood. Both her and the thing fell to the ground.

"No! For fuck's sake no!" Church screamed. Pushing himself up, he grabbed his side, trying his best to ignore the pain that threatened to over take him, the blood that he felt against his palm. Limping, he bit his lip and hurried to her. He fell his knees next to her.

"Allison.. Allison!" He grabbed her hands. She still had a pulse. He looked down and stared at her midriff. The cloth was torn away, and there was a deep cut. He closed his eyes and looked away. Even with her jumping back, the wound was too deep. Struggling, he took off his own shirt and pressed against her. She groaned.

Looking up at him, she smiled weakly. "Leonard? You got the bastard?"

Gripping one of her hands, he continued to apply pressure with the other. "Yes Allison. I got him."

She nodded. "Good... good. Whatever kills me better not be able to live..."

Church closed his eyes tightly. "Don't say that. You're going to be fine..." He turned his head. "MEDIC! WE NEED A GOD DAMN MEDIC OVER HERE!"

He felt her hand on his face. He felt blood. He didn't know whose. He let her turn his head. "Hey... shut up. There are others out there..."

"I don't care, you need one more."

"Leonard... shut up.." She slapped him lightly on the cheek. He felt how weak it was. She never hit him that lightly. "What were you going to ask me?"

He could feel something run down his cheek. "I'll tell you when we stitch you up."

She laughed. "You know I'm not getting out of this. Not... not this time. So tell me dammit."

Swallowing, he let go of her hand and yanked on his dog tags, ripping them off of him. He quickly slid the ring off of it. He grabbed her hand again and pressed the ring into it. "Allison.. I wanted to know.. if you'd marry me."

She gripped the ring tightly and chuckled. She winced as she did. "You... you dumb bastard. The ring's... messed up."

"I'm sorry."

He looked at him and smiled. "Don't be. Adds... character." She coughed. "but...you really thought you.. needed to ask? Dumbass... You know...I love you"

He smiled again, gripping her hand tightly. "Yeah, but you never fucking said it."

She pressed the ring against his palm. "Just.. keep the ring for me, will you? I... don't... want to lose it."

Smilingly weakly, he nodded. "Of... of course I will."

She reached up and pulled his head down. Slowly, he bent down and kissed her. "I love you..." she said weakly.

"I love you too Allison..." he said. He kissed her again. She didn't kiss back. Pushing himself up, he looked at her. "Allison?" She wasn't moving. "...Allison?" She was just staring at him. "No! ALLISON!" he screamed.

"He completed the program sir."

"How did he perform?"

"Total failure, all objectives."

"Good. Run it again."

"Are you sure that is wise?"

"What was that Councilor?"

The Councilor swallowed. "Are you sure you want to run the program again? There are other ways we could split the Alpha..."

The Director cut him off. "Councilor, memory is the key. If you want to torture an individual, make them tear themselves apart, you need look no further than their own worst nightmares."

"But sir.. Do we need to make it a real memory? Surely there is something else..."

The Director slammed his hands on his desk. "Did I stutter Councilor? Run the simulation again! And make sure the Alpha knows where he failed! Expand the parameters and let him do things differently!"

The Councilor stared. "Why?"

"Because no matter what he does, that boy will fail." The Director stood and turned away from the simulation and the Councilor. Slowly, he ran his fingers along the tarnished ring and felt the imperfection. "Run the simulation again."

End  
file.